Table of Contents

1. Fa Jian and Fa Mulan
2. About the Fa Siblings:
3. Honour To Us All
4. Mulan Meets the Matchmaker
5. A/N: I'M SORRY!!!
6. Reflection
7. Fa Zhou and Jian Are Called Out To War
8. Jian's Departure and Mulan's Decision
9. My Ancestors Sent A Little Lizard To Help Me?
10. Training Begins...
11. A/N: 1 K !!!!
12. Another A/N:
13. 2 K Special Chapter !!!
14. Ain't Biting No More Butts
15. A/N: ANNOUNCEMENT!!! IMPORTANT, PLEASE READ!
16. A/N: Small Hiatus
17. I Think You Make A Great Captain
18. A Girl Worth Fighting For
19. Attack in the Mountains
20. A Life for a Life
21. Arriving At The Capital

Fa Jian and Fa Mulan

A little baby boy wrapped in fine silk cooed in his mother's arms, with hair as dark as the night, and eyes a dark mahogany brown. His parents, Fa Zhou and Fa Li smiled at him with pride shining in their eyes. "He will make a fine heir for the Fa family," Fa Li said, letting her husband hold their son. Fa Zhou nodded. "Fa Jian, our son.

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"Jian!" called out Fa Li, frantically searching the gardens for her son. The boy had rushed out on his tutor once more, off to who knows where. That was the fifth tutor he's chased out. "Jian! Where are you?"

Up hidden in their plum blossom tree, Jian watched as his mother searched for him. He sighed. He was a little guilty about making her worry and felt a little bad for his tutor. The man really had been his favourite, but he didn't want to spend his precious time learning something he was already good at. From the tree, he looked at the patch of wood orchids blossoming by the pond. He smiled fondly at the sight of his favourite flowers. Someday...someday he'd like a sister named Wood Orchid.

"FOUND YOU!"

"AAAAAH!!!"

~~~~~~

Jian slowly controlled the stroke of his brush as he wrote the character for family, smiling as he left it to dry. Grandmother had convinced him to brush up on his calligraphy, even going so far as to bribing him with some snacks his mother had strictly forbade before dinner. The door slid open, and Jian turned to greet his parents entering the room. He noticed that they both seemed to be grinning wildly. "Is there something you both need, baba?"

Fa Zhou gave a short chuckle and sat by his five year old son, inspecting the character that had just been written. "I see you're finally taking your studies seriously?"

"Just a little," Jian replied cheekily. "I assume that is not the main reason you are here?"

Fa Zhou and Fa Li exchanged a knowing grin, and Fa Li held her hands to her belly. "Jian. How would you feel about having a younger sibling.

Jian's eyes bulged out of their sockets, his lips breaking out into an idiotic smile.

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Jian was beaming like a mad man as he stared down at his new baby sister, who looked almost identical to the rest of the family, with the same dark hair and dark brown eyes. She was giggling already, and she wasn't even a week old yet! His parents had agreed to let him name her, and he did so. He named her Fa Mulan. Wood Orchid, like he'd always wanted.

The day Mulan was born, Jian swore that he would do anything to protect his baby sister.

Anything.

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"Jian!" Mulan squealed, grabbing her brother's attention away from his studies. "Play!"

Fa Li shook her head slowly. "Now now, Mulan. Your brother is studying. Don't bother him."

Mulan's face contorted into a pleading look she knew would melt anyone's heart. All but Fa Li, of course. Jian gave a small laugh and picked up her three year old sister. "It's fine, ma ma. I've finished most of it. I'll finish the rest tonight. I'll always have time for my little Orchid."

Mulan cheered and gladly grabbed hold onto Jian's shirt. Fa Li was about to protest at this idea but soon gave up before she even said a

word. She knew better than anyone who much Jian loved Mulan, and how stubborn he was. A trait he received from Grandmother Fa.

Jian carried Mulan outside to the gardens. The young toddler giggled as she tried to reach for the plum blossoms, whining when, even as Jian lifted her high up, couldn't reach it. Jian smiled softly placing her a little higher as she reached for a closer blossom, picking it from the branch. "Pretty," Mulan giggled.

"Yeah," Jian whispered, kissing the top of her head. "Pretty."

Mulan just hummed and sniffed the flower, taking in its wonderful scent.

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Jian took short, ragged breaths as he sheathed his sword. It might've been a bit old, but it still had the spirit in it. Fa Zhou nodded, gesturing for Jian to take a breather from his lessons. He was relieved, and rushed off to bathe. He found his seven year old tomboy of a sister running up to him, embracing him even though he was drenched in his own sweat. "Jian!" Milan whined. "I've been looking everywhere for you! I need your help getting up the plum tree again!"

Jian laughed. "Getting away from your tutor again?" Everyone knew that Mulan just hated her tutors. She was taught to read and such, which she immensely enjoyed. But if there was one thing Mulan hated more than chores, it was sewing and manners. She had done Jian proud, and gotten rid of ten tutors so far, whilst he had rid himself of fourteen at her age. She was learning.

"I don't understand why I can't do the stuff like boys do. I wanna be a scholar! Reading is so much more fun than sewing!" She pouted in a manner in which Jian couldn't resist as he walked her to the plum tree.

"Well, I can agree to that, Little Orchid, but it's just how it's always been. Besides, you're going to marry into another family someday. It's best you have the merits of a good bride."

"What if I don't want to marry?" Mulan frowned. "I mean, except you and Baba, boys are gross!"

Jian chuckled. "I used to think the same about girls." Jian was at the age
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of thirteen, his birthday passing just two months ago. Mulan would be eight in three months. He was at the age in which girls started to giggle as he walked down the street with his sister, admiring his handsome features and sweet loving smile directed at his sister. The age at which he started to learn to appreciate the opposite sex. "You just wait till you're older. You'll be coming to me saying you like some boy, then I'll start saying you're too young for boys. Then we start arguing for a while about it."

Mulan didn't like the idea of fighting with Jian. She loved her brother, and the thought of arguing with him didn't really appeal as an act of sibling affection. "Also, Mulan, you know I have too many lessons for you to interrupt just to get to the plum tree. How about I teach you to climb the tree yourself?"

The little girl beamed, eyes shining with anticipation. "First, go grab one of Grandmother's old shawls, but not her favourite. I'm sure she'll understand."

Mulan giggled.

About the Fa Siblings:

A/N: I just thought this was some extra information you might want to know. I made up some of the stuff, like their birth years and their chinese zodiacs, but don't blame me. Wikipedia and Disney Wiki couldn't give me the info I needed.

Fa Jian:

[image]

Born: Year of the Rabbit, Month of the Snake

Appearance: Black hair in a top-knot, dark brown eyes, tall and muscular, slightly tanned.

Likes: Mulan, his family, martial arts, horseback riding, making fun of people who show dislike for Mulan, sword-fighting, archery, humor, reading, confections, the color jade, sweet foods, mind games.

Fun Facts: Has sister complex, likes art, and can't get enough of Mulan's homemade meat buns.

Fa Mulan:

[image]

Born: Year of the Monkey, Month of the Dog

Appearance: Slender, fair skin, round face, rosy cheeks, pink lips, long straight black hair (later cut shorter) with a strand in the middle of her forehead, thick eyebrows, dark brown eyes

Likes: Being accepted for who she is, martial arts, protecting the ones she loves, missions, the outdoors, horse-riding, sword-fighting, archery, teaching, pleasing her family, humor, animals, inventing plans to make things easier, daydreaming,

planning last minute ("winging it"), hiking, camping, fishing, playful fighting, the color jade, spicy foods, strategy games, the taste of burnt chicken

Fun Facts: Can't stand still to save her life, likes climbing trees (or pillars, or anything she can climb), was the one who washed Jian's underwear in honey when she was nine and never got caught for it.

Honour To Us All

[image]

Jian leaned against the wall, watching as his mother searched the streets frantically for any sign of Mulan.

The cleaner stepped out of the building, hand on her hip. "Fa Li! Is your daughter here yet?" she sighed and shook her head. "The Matchmaker is not a patient woman."

Jian snorted quietly at the thought of the Matchmaker being anywhere near womanly. Sure she had the right organs, but she looked far too much like a male to be a woman. "Of all days to be late! I should've prayed to the ancestors for luck," Fa Li groaned.

Grandmother Fa scoffed. "How lucky can they be? They're dead!" *Point one for grandmother,* thought Jian, stifling his laughter. Grandmother held a small cage with a cricket in it, and Jian knew it was one of those days. Senile old grandmother, talking to crickets and thinking they bring luck.

Grandmother placed one hand firmly over her eyes, and Jian groaned harshly. Definitely one of those days. "GRANDMOTHER!" Fa Li shouted out, as the old woman stepped onto the street at a steady and slow pace. Carriages and horses skidded to a halt, crashing into each other for the sake of the old woman's well being. Once she crossed the street, Grandmother Fa smiled to see she was unharmed. "Yup! This cricket's a lucky one!"

Fa Li shook her head slowly. The sound of a horse's whinny rang, and Fa Li was so relieved to see Mulan arrive on Khan. Her daughter jumped off the horse and held her hands in the air. "I'm here!" she cheered. She took in her mother's disapproving look. "What?"

Jian picked out a piece of wheat from Mulan's hair. "But ma ma, I had to-" "None of your excuses. Now let's get you cleaned up!"

Jian prayed silently for his sister's sanity, as he heard singing inside. *Oh dear. Another song.* He felt like he lived in a musical or something.

"This is what you give me to work with?"

"Well, honey, I've seen worse."

Jian snickered.

"We're going to turn this sow's ear into a silk purse."

"It's freezing!" Mulan shrieked. Jian could just hear Fa Li's smirk. "It would have been warm if you were on time," she mocked.

"We'll have you washed and dried,"

"Primped and polished,"

"till you glow with pride."

"Trust my recipe for instant bride."

"You'll bring honor to us all."

Jian heard silence before his mother's voice. "Milan, what is this?" "Uh...notes? In case I forget something?" Jian chuckled at his sister's antics. He watched grandmother enter.

"Here. Hold this," the old woman said. "We'll need more luck than I thought."

"Wait and see,"

"When we're through,"

"Boys will gladly go to war for you."

"With good fortune,"

"And a great hairdo."

"You'll bring honor to us all."

Mulan walked out with the dressers and Fa Li. Jian escorted her down the street, and Mulan just felt relieved that her brother was there for her.

"A girl can bring her family,"

"great honor in one way."

"By striking a good match."

"And this could be the day."

Jian chuckled as Mulan helped Old Man Su beat Old Man Wen in checkers. He let Mulan walk into the dressing room, kissing her forehead, wishing her luck.

"Men want girls with good taste,"

"Calm,"

"Obedient,"

"Who work fast-paced."

"With good breeding,"

"And a tiny waist."

"You'll bring honor to us all."

Jian pitied his little sister for her suffocation, and laughed as he led her to the make up room, passing the streets once more.

"We all must serve our Emperor,"

"Who guards us from the Huns."

"A man by bearing arms,"

"A girl by bearing sons."

Jian watched as two boys played with wooden swords and took the doll of a young girl. Mulan snatched it from his hands and handed it

back, awaiting her fate in the make up room.

"When we're through,"

"You can't fail,"

"Like a lotus blossom,"

"Soft and pale,"

"How could any fellow,"

"Say "No Sale","

"You'll bring honor to us all."

"There - you're ready," Fa Li whispered. Grandmother Fa chuckled and entered with Jian. "Not yet," said the elder woman. "An apple for serenity, a pendant for balance."

"Beads of jade for beauty,"

"You must proudly show it."

"Now add a cricket just for luck,"

"And even you can't blow it."

Jian stood by Grandmother and Fa Li as Mulan left the room.

"Ancestors,"

"Hear my plea,"

"Help me not to make a"

"fool of me."

"And to not uproot"

"my family tree."

"Keep my father standing tall."

Fa Li rushed to hand Mulan her umbrella.

"Scarier than the undertaker,"

"We are meeting our matchmaker."

"Destiny,"

"Guard our girls,"

"And our future,"

"as it fast unfurls."

"Please look kindly on,"

"these cultured pearls."

"Each a perfect porcelain doll."

"Please bring honor to us."

"Please bring honor to us."

"Please bring honor to us."

"Please bring honor to us."

"Please bring honor to us all."

Mulan Meets the Matchmaker

[image]

The large and very...harsh matchmaker slammed the doors open and checked her list. "Fa, Mulan."

"Present!" Mulan said, standing.

"Speaking without permission," spat the matchmaker.

Mulan groaned silently. "Oops."

She entered the room with the matchmaker as the round woman closed the doors. Grandmother Fa rolled her eyes. "Who spit in her beancurd?"

Jian chuckled lightly, then realised, that he was being watched. Watched by none other than the expectant women waiting to meet the matchmaker, young teenage girls who have yet to come of age, and the mothers of those girls. He swallowed. "Perhaps I should not have joined you," he whispered to his own mother.

"Nonsense," Fa Li scoffed. "This is an excellent opportunity for you to find a potential bride. You are 21. You need to find a wife sooner or later, Jian."

"Ma ma, look around you. They're all watching me like they're waiting to pounce. Besides, I thought we went through this. I want to marry for love, and I want to find her myself. Not let some fat woman decide for me," he muttered that last part under his breath.

Grandmother Fa laughed lightly. "There is absolute truth in those words, Li. You listen to your literate son. He knows your daughter better than you do."

There was a loud scream from inside the matchmaker's room, and Jian jumped as he realised it wasn't Mulan's. Oh dear.

The Matchmaker ran out of the room, her behind was on fire!

Mulan rushed right behind her, carrying a pot of tea. She did the first thing she thought of, and drenched the Matchmaker in tea, successfully putting out the fire, as well as ruining the Matchmaker's make up and attire.

Mulan handed her the pot back and bowed, covering her face as she strode back towards her family.

"You...YOU ARE A DISGRACE!" the large woman shouted, throwing the pot to the ground. Jian watched the pot shatter into a hundred pieces, looking outraged at the woman's exclamation. "You may look like a bride! BUT YOU WILL NEVER BRING YOUR FAMILY HONOR!!!"

Mulan gasped as Jian held her close. She could feel the anger radiate off of him. She looked down as the Matchmaker walked away, leaving her to absorb the shame she felt. For she had brought not honour, but shame, to the Fa family.

Fa Li soothed her daughter. "Jian. We'll bring Mulan home. You stay."

"No!" Jian said. "My little sister was just insulted by that woman in public! I will not be in the presence of someone so...so...so close-minded and lowly!"

Jian walked off to get Khan and Jun. The steed brothers looked slightly alarmed as they caught sight of Mulan near to tears. Khan immediately galloped up to his rider's side and whinnied, concerned for her. Jun turned to Jian, as if demanding an explanation. The 21 year old male sighed. "It's a long story, old friend. A very long story."

A/N: I'M SORRY!!!

Hey! So you guys are probably wondering why I haven't been updating lately. It's actually because I've been on vacation for the past near two weeks. I won't be able to update until the 9th of July, and this is a rushed A/N: update with a temporary computer. I'll try to post a new chapter as soon as possible, and I'll post a bunch of them all at once to make it up to you. Look forward to it, and again, sorry.

Yours truly,

Adeline Teoh

Reflection

[image]

Mulan slowly made her way through the large gates of the Fa family household. She looked around nervously, stopping in her tracks as her eyes met Fa Zhou's. He was smiling, and he looked at her expectantly, awaiting good news to arrive from her lips.

Mulan shut her eyes and led Khan to the stables, hiding her face. She was ashamed. Ashamed of how she had failed him. How she had disgraced them, and made a fool of herself. As she took off Khan's girdle, watching her stallion quench his thirst, she saw her reflection.

Her heart clenched, her fingers moving to move a stray strand of hair. Jian frowned upon this as he entered the stables and freed Jun from his own girdle. "Mulan?"

The female took in a sharp breath and turned to her brother. "Oh, Jian," she rasped. "Look at what I've done."

"It's not that bad," he consoled, but even he didn't believe himself. "Little Orchid, it's all going to be fine." He stepped towards her, only for her to take a step back. "Mulan?" Jian watched helplessly as she ran off, probably to the ancestral temple to cool off. Fa Li approached, a hand on his broad shoulder.

His mother cast Mulan's retreating figure a worried glance, but attempted to reassure her son. "It will be alright. You know how strong she is."

"I do," Jian said. "But that doesn't make me any less worried.

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The sole daughter of the Fa family stood with her head down as she watched her mother give her father the bad news, and she felt a wave of guilt wash over her. *This is my fault,* she thought
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shamefully. *Why do I have to be such a failure?*

Look at me,

I will never pass for a perfect bride,

Or a perfect daughter.

Can it be,

I'm not meant to play this part?

No I see,

That if I were truly to be myself,

I would break my family's heart.

Who is that girl I see,

Staring straight,

Back at me?

Why is my reflection someone I don't know?

Somehow I cannot hide

Who I am

Though I've tried

When will my reflection show

Who I am insi~de?

When will my reflection show

Who I am inside?

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Her unbound feet took her to the plum tree, sitting on the stone
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bench at the foot of the decades old tree. It was as if it had only been yesterday when she was interrupting Jian's studies so they could climb up the tree and avoid their tutors, irking their parents to no end.

She heard a throat be cleared, gazing up at her father, who offered her a small smile. She turned away. He sat down next to her, watching as his beloved daughter refuse to meet his gaze. He looked around for a way to comfort Mulan, and smiled softly. "My, my," he said. "What beautiful blossoms we have this year."

He pointed to the small bud on a branch. "But look! This one's late." Mulan stared at the bud curiously as Fa Zhou smiled at her. "But I'll bet that when it blooms, it will be the most beautiful of all." He picked up the comb Fa Li gave her and placed it in Mulan's dark, flowing locks. Her dark brown eyes finally met his, and she smiled.

Jian stood in the distance, grinning. "The most beautiful indeed, baba," he whispered to himself, lifting the Wood Orchid in his hands to his lips.

Fa Zhou and Jian Are Called Out To War

[image]

One of the things Jian prided himself on was being able to sense things coming his way, and it saved him many times before. He was disappointed in himself for not seeing the Emperor's counsel on his horse, arriving in their neighbourhood, surrounded by many imperial guards. Everyone left their homes to approach the commotion.

Mulan's fingers gripped onto her brother's sleeve nervously. At times of war like this, there was only one reason for Chi Fu to come to their small neighbourhood.

And it frightened her knowing she might lose her only brother.

Jian took a deep breath, and leaned down to kiss the crown of her head. "Stay inside."

"But Jian--"

"Mulan, listen to your brother," Fa Li interjected, ushering her further from the house doors. As Jian stood by his father, he saw from the corner of his eye Grandmother Fa gesturing to the wall roofs.

Chi Fu pompously sneered at the civilians, announcing he had brought a proclamation from the Imperial City. "The Huns have invaded China!"

The people gasped. Mothers hurried the children inside, but the men remained behind. "By order of the Emperor," Chi Fu continued. "One man from every family must serve the Imperial Army!"

He paused momentarily to bring an Imperial scroll from his satchel. "The Xiao family!" Mr Xiao, a simple rice farmer of the village,

stepped forward and placed his fist to his palm, bowing as he accepted his summon. "The Yi family!"

As the old, grey haired Mr Yi began to move forward, his son, the local fisherman, stopped him and accepted the summon, declaring his intention to serve the Emperor in his father's place. Mulan swallowed as she watched the entire ordeal.

Chi Fu turned to his scroll once more, his face filled with slight surprise, as he called out. "The Fa family!"

Mulan gasped as Jian stepped forward. "I will serve in my father's place."

Chi Fu watched Jian skeptically, before scoffing. "Of course Fa Zhou would deliver his child."

Jian grit his teeth. "Excuse me?"

"Your father may have once served the Emperor bravely, but seeing as he is well enough to go himself, why don't you provide us two men."

The other families reeled back in horror. They were usually demanded only one man for every family. The fact that the Honourable Fa family was asked for two made them fear for their family. But Fa Zhou accepted his fate, as Imperial Orders were an obligation to fulfill. Passing his cane to Fa Li, he straightened his posture and slowly marched to Jian's side. "I am ready to serve the Emperor."

"No!" Mulan cried out, jumping from the wall roof and rushing next to her brother. "Please sir! My father has already fought bravely--"

"SILENCE!" Chi Fu shouted, scowling at Mulan. "You would do well to teach your daughter to hold her tongue in a man's presence."

Fa Zhou looked away, face wrinkling into a tight frown. "Mulan...you dishonour me."

Both Jian and Mulan were aghast. Through everything Mulan's done, their father had never said anything of the sort before.

Grandmother Fa approached and led Mulan away just as she was close to tears.

"Father, please," Jian whispered. "This is unreasonable. It is unfair to single out our family simply because he desires to."

"Jian, this is my decision. If I die, I die with honour."

Jian held his breath, and looked away, taking his summon. "Yes father."

Jian's Departure and Mulan's Decision

[image]

Jian sat across both his parents, his armour on. "I will depart early," he declared. "I will try to speak with the general about this."

"There is no need for that, Jian," Fa Zhou announced. "I will fight in this war. Do not try and stop me."

Jian's eyes roamed his mother's face, and he saw the worry and despair in her eyes. "I will at least try, father. I shall be taking my leave." And with that, he stood from his seat, bowed to the pair who had given him life, and stepped out of the room.

Mulan had been eavesdropping, and she didn't hesitate to tackle her brother in a frightened embrace, her entire body shaking. "Please don't go," she sobbed. "I can't lose you."

The Fa heir wrapped his arms around his beloved little sister, whispering comforting words, trying his best to make her feel better, because there was nothing he hated more in the world than seeing his sister cry. "I promise you, my little Orchid. I swear by the Heavenly Son and my pride and honour that I will come back to you. I will never lose, just for you."

"I already miss you, *da ge*."

"And I miss you too, *xiao mei*."

The released each other from the embrace, and Mulan watched as Jian mounted Jun, and rode out of the gates.

Grandmother Fa held Mulan's hand reassuringly, and they went inside for dinner.

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The room was silent, with only the sound of the chopsticks lightly feeding four mouths.

Mulan already desperately missed Jian, longing for her brother to be in the room and lift their spirits before their goodbye. She poured her father's tea, and her eyes pondered to Grandmother for encouragement. Watching her father and mother pretending nothing was wrong, infuriated her, and in a moment's lapse, she slammed her cup on the table. "You shouldn't have to go!"

"Mulan--" Fa Li gasped, only to be interrupted by Mulan once more.

"There are plenty of young men to fight for China!" she exclaimed.

Fa Zhou kept his calm. "It is an honour to protect my country and my family."

"So you'll die for honour?!"

"I'll die doing what's right!" He rose.

"But if you--"

"I know my place," Fa Zhou snapped. "It is time you learned yours."

frozen in place, Mulan stared at her father wide eyed, before finally rushing out of the dining room, staggering onto a pillar for support, choking back a sob.

She wished Jian was here.

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He was her comfort zone, her place to confide and her shelter from the prejudices of the common world. Jian had always been there for her, no matter when and why. She remembered, once, when she was only a youth, she had been insulted by a few children her age. Jian had been in the middle of school when it happened, but as soon as Grandmother sent him a letter about it, he completely ignored the scorns of his schoolmates and teaches, rushing back home and demanding to know the names of those children.
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Even through all the scorn and insults she's gone through, she'd always go on with tomorrow because she knew that Jian would be there for her, to protect her and cheer her up.

But he left. The war took lives, and she was afraid it would take his.

Under the stone dragon statue, under the rain, Mulan could only sit there and feel her heart clench with shame, her stomach with fear, and her fist with mild dissatisfaction and unease. Brown eyes watched her reflection on the little puddle of water pooling on the stone path beneath her feet. She was drenched, her wet long raven hair sticking to her face and her equally drenched silk clothing.

Thunder roared and lightning crashed in her eardrums, but her eyes remained on her reflection.

This is not who I am either.

She looked up a little, the shadows of her parents in their room. The way her mother seemed to be restraining herself from holding her father and never letting go. The way her father tried to reassure her, but failing terribly, as if formally saying goodbye forever. How Fa Li pushed him away, in fear that if she pulled herself into his words, she'd end up more hurt than ever, when one day, the imperial guards would return with a notice that he was gone for good. And, trying himself not to hurt her even more, Fa Zhou picked up the lighting candle and blew it out, their silhouettes disappearing in the darkness.

It's my fault, she internally cried. *If only the Chi Fu did not demand two men from our family. If only... If only...*

If only I was a boy.

If only...I was a boy.

Mulan looked back up at the window to her parents' room, and her entire face morphed into a determined expression, and before long, through the pouring rain and howling wind, she stepped to the family temple, lighting a stick of incense, and placing it on the

incense burner, and bowing to her honourable ancestors, before rushing out, leaving the floor moistened.

Silently, yet swiftly, she snuck into her parents' room, taking the summon and leaving behind her jade comb, taking one last look at her beloved, loving parents before leaving with a small smile.

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Unsheathing her father's sword--the family sword--she grasped a handful of her long, silken hair, eyes shut in slight fear as she sliced through her raven locks, taking what was left of it into a topknot. Her footsteps were silent, hidden by the sound of the roaring rain and thunder, fitting herself in her father's old armour

She did not at all expect Khan to panic when she entered the stables to fetch him. Her steed whinnied and bucked, trying to back away from her, but finally calmed down as he recognised her face somewhere, realising this was his mistress, utterly bewildered by the new appearance she donned. Faithfully, he followed her, into the cold, heavy rain. Both gazed at the family home once more, before his mistress mounted him, and with her one demand, he set off for their long, doomed journey.

But no matter how doomed, he knew his brother's master would be there, and that no matter what happened, they would all be by her side.

A/N: Sorry it took me so long to update. I'll try to update more often. Thanks to all my readers for your votes and flattering comments! I love you all! <3<3<3
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My Ancestors Sent A Little Lizard To Help Me?

[image]

In Mu Xiong Camp, Jian had spent all night rested well. His conversation with the general had left him prevailing, and he was ready to hurry to inform his father of the General's decision as soon as he could.

He had had a rather interesting conversation with the General's son, Li Shang. The General wanted to have his son wed and conceive a child. Strangely enough, Li Shang didn't seem to want a proper and girly wife. It made Jian think of Mulan, and he couldn't help but shudder at the thought of his beloved little sister wedding and leaving him.

Perhaps it was because for most of his life, Mulan has made him her shoulder to lean on. He was protective of her, and he couldn't bear watching her leave him, replacing his place with someone else.

"Ah, Jian, perfect timing." The Fa Heir turned his head to the approaching general, bowing respectfully. "I was just about to ask for you. Would you please enter the tent for a moment? Li Shang and I need to speak with you."

Wondering what it might've been about, Jian accepted the request and entered the general's tent. Shang was already there, and both he and the young captain sat across the general. Shang got to the point and asked why they had been summoned.

"Yes, well, our conversation last night was particularly interesting, was it not?"

Jian did not like where this was going.

"And I hear that the Fa family also has a daughter."

No. Nononono. NOOOOOO!

"On your way to deliver the good news to your father, would you pass along a little matchmaking request to your father, Jian?"

Jian paled dramatically, his thoughts messed up completely. No no no. Shang and Mulan? It was clear that Shang was a traditionalist, and the moment he met Mulan and her unconventional personality and manners, no doubt word will spread and everyone would start ridiculing his little sister. That would do nothing to help boost Mulan's self-esteem. "G-General, you can't be serious."

General Li raised a brow. "Is there something wrong with my request, Jian?"

"N-No, of course not!" Jian said quickly. "I-It's just, my sister is young! And I...well, I don't feel comfortable with her marrying and bearing children at her age. And she's known for rather...untypical...behaviour?"

Li Shang raised an identical brow to his father. "Untypical how?"

Jian choked, at a loss of a normal explanation. "Er...she set the matchmaker on fire."

Both Li family members chuckled lightly, as if expecting Jian to say "just kidding!", and they waited. When they realised that Jian was not going to say it anytime soon, they exchanged a look and blanched. "You're serious?" Shang said, aghast.

"Very. I am well convinced that her spirit and refinement--or rather, the lack of it--could pass her for a man. Not to mention, her tendency to climb things."

"An example?"

Jian swallowed, praying that Mulan would forgive him. "Trees, pillars, cabinets, walls, anything she can, really."

"She's not...obsessed over looks?" the General inquired, as if it was something completely unheard of.

Jian shook his head. "She is beautiful already, in my opinion. But she does not fuss over clothing and the sort. Not that she needs to. I prefer men keep their filthy, grubby hands off of her, lest I stick my sword in their throats--" Jian realised he was being the overprotective brother in front of the captain and general, flushing. "I...I admit, I do not want her to marry due to my own selfishness, but, she is only sixteen, sir."

General Li stared for a moment, before chuckling, then laughing outright with his deep, thundering voice. "AH! But does her personality not make her perfect for Li Shang?"

Jian turned to look at the captain, whose face was red with embarrassment. He did not seemingly want to discuss marriage with a complete stranger's sister. "Father, Jian has a point. I have yet to meet the young lady. Let us not jump too quickly into this. After the war, perhaps."

The General stroked his beard, nodding slowly. "Yes, of course. After the war then."

Jian breathed a sigh of relief. He had time.

All of a sudden, a loud crash was heard from outside the tent. All three males rushed outside, watching as a large number of men surround one cowering figure. As soon as they noticed the presence of both the General and captain, they stopped, clearing the path and pointing their fingers to the cowering figure. "It's his fault!"

The figure looked up, and if Jian had been drinking, he would have done a spit-take. "Jian!" Mulan-in-disguise cried out in relief.

Jian choked and rushed to his sister. The General raised a brow. "You know this young man, Jian?"

The Fa Heir quickly put up a story in his head. "Y-Yes, sir. This is my younger...brother."

Chi Fu stood to the General's side, small eyes narrowed even further. "I did not know there was another Fa son," he sneered.

Jian glared at the Emperor's counsel. "Yes there is," he said through

gritted teeth. "We, uh, don't talk about him much. When he was younger, he...uh...wasn't in the best condition, and was confined to a life inside the house. He is my sister's twin...um...P..Ping?"

The General looked at Jian strangely. "Was that a statement or question?"

"A statement, sir!" Jian said in a panicked voice. "M-May I speak with my brother for a moment, sir?"

Both the General and Captain approved, allowing Jian to drag Mulan to a deserted corner of the camp. "What are you doing here?!" he spoke harshly, watching as she flinched. "The General just gave me permission to tell *baba* that I alone was enough!"

"I'm sorry," she whispered, looking dejected, which broke Jian's heart. "I just wanted to help."

Jian sighed and placed his hand on her shoulder. "I know, but go home. Before Chi Fu makes you stay."

"Why does he pick on us, specifically?" Mulan asked, enraged at the counsel. "What did we ever do to him?"

Jian shook his head. "It's what we didn't do. Back when *baba* had assisted in winning the last war, there was a counsel position open, and the choice was between he and Chi Fu. The Emperor had asked *baba* to take the position, but *baba* decided to reject the offer to help mama raise both of us. Chi Fu was the default choice, and he hated being the default. He's hated our family ever since."

"It's not our fault *baba*'s wiser and a better person than he is!" Mulan protested.

"I know. But it doesn't matter right now. Right now, you need to go home and give *baba* the news."

Mulan opened her mouth to speak, but a much squeakier voice answered instead. "Excuse me?! Mulan is not going home!"

Jian stared at her frozen expression for a few moments. "What was that?"

"Did he just call me a what?!" Jian yelped as a red...lizard (?) slithered out of Mulan's armour. "Who're you calling a what?! I am a who! A WHO!"

"Mulan, what is that?!" Jian hissed, grabbed it by the throat as it struggled.

Mulan bit her bottom lip. "Uh...a dragon the ancestors sent to protect me?"

Jian spluttered.

Honestly, why couldn't his baby sister stay out of trouble?

Training Begins...

[image]

"Wake up, little orchid."

Mulan groaned as her morning was greeted by Jian's face. "Mulan, if you don't get ready now, you're going to be late."

The female nodded and yawned. "Do my hair?"

Jian sighed, not used to seeing his sister with such short hair. He proceeded to knot it into a bun, as she stripped and dressed herself into her uniform. "Is it going to be hard?"

Jian remained silent, and that was all the answers Mulan needed. They finished getting her ready, and Mushu and Crikee showed up out of nowhere, with a bowl of porridge, two eggs and a slice of bacon floating on it. "Breakfast is ready! Look, you get porridge!" Mushu said cheerfully, shoving it in Mulan's face. "And it's happy to see ya!"

Crikee floated to the top of the porridge, only to have Mushu pick him out of it.

"Am I late?"

"No time to talk. Now remember, it's your first day of training, so listen to your teacher, and no fighting. Play nice with the other, unless of course one of the other kids wanna fight, then you have to kick the other kid's butt."

Mulan mouth was stuffed with porridge as she looked at Mushu. "But I don't wanna kick the other kid's butt."

Mushu blanched. "Don't talk with your mouth full, now let's see your war face!"

Jian had to hold his laughter in as Mulan looked up at Mushu, her mouth still full, only for the dragon to sarcastically comment about

how his bunny slippers ran for cover.

"Alright, that's enough," Jian said calmly, kissing the top of Mulan's head. "We're going to end up late, so we should hurry. Mulan, shoes on. Mushu, Crikee, follow us steathily."

The brother steeds trotted towards the tent, as their masters rushed out towards the training grounds.

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"Order!" shouted Chi Fu. "Order!"

One of the men raised his hand and shouted, "I'd like a pan-fried noodle!"

"Ooh! Sweet and pungent shrimp!" joined in Chien Po.

The counsel sneered at the soldiers and remarked how it wasn't funny. Just then, Ling noticed the Fa siblings, whispering to Yao. "Looks like our new friend slept in this morning."

The two approached Mulan with sly smirks. "Hello, Ping. Are ya hungry?"

Mulan was just about to say something when Yao grabbed her collar. "Yeah," he growled. "Cause I owe you a knuckle sandwich."

The soldiers encouraged Yao, when Shang showed up, calling their attention. Immediately, they lined up one next to the other. "You will assemble swiftly and silently every morning." Shang began to disrobe himself, and Jian's eyes widened as he watched Mulan gape blatantly at the toned and muscular captain. His hand slowly found its way to her eyes. "Anyone who acts otherwise will answer to me."

Yao somehow decided it was a good moment to be sassy. "Ooh, tough guy," he mocked, jumping when the captain called his name. Shang drew his arrow, and the other soldiers took a step back, allowing the captain clear and open aim at him, only for Shang to point it to the top of a tall, wooden pole. "Thank you for volunteering. Retrieve the arrow."
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Mulan's eyes seemed to shine with not only mirth, but also the fact that their first test was to climb a pole!

Jian bent down to whisper in her ear. "Someone's happy."

She kicked his shin, trying to watch the conditions of the challenge."

Shang had stopped Yao from climbing the pole and tied two heavy, bronze weights to Yao's wrists, declaring that one represented discipline, the other strength, and that they required both to reach the arrow. Mulan frowned. She'd climbed tall poles before, but only with a piece of cloth to support her weight. Her eyes widened, a goofy smile stretching on her face.

Yao tried desperately to climb the pole, but fell on his behind quickly. Ling tried, and fell on his head. Chien Po fell on his behind, the impact causing the pole to detach itself from the ground and implant itself again.

"Ping, your turn," Shang said harshly. Jian didn't seem worried. "Oh look, Ping. It's a pole. And you get to climb it," he teased. His sister was born in the year of the monkey, which served as some sort of explanation for her excellent climbing skills. She stuck her tongue out at him and approached, feeling the weight of the weights weighing her wrists down.

She looked up at the pole and swung her arms around the pole, intertwining themselves. "Here goes nothing," she uttered, placing the sole of her foot on the pole, her arms pulling herself towards it, and slowly going upwards. The soldiers gaped at her climbing skills, aghast that the wimp had somehow managed to climb up half the pole before succumbing to the weights and falling on her behind.

Jian stalked up to her. "Too heavy?"

"Too heavy," she groaned.

Chuckling, he helped her up and took the weights off her wrists.

Shang rubbed the back of his neck In exasperation, sighing. "We've

got a long way to go." Grabbing the bamboo sticks, he tossed them in the air, each soldier grabbing one. And so training began.

Let's get down to business, to defeat the Huns Did they send me daughters, when I asked for sons? You're the saddest bunch I ever met But you can bet before we're through Mister, I'll make a man out of you

Tranquil as a forest but on fire within Once you find your center, you are sure to win You're a spineless, pale, pathetic lot And you haven't got a clue Somehow I'll make a man out of you

I'm never gonna catch my breath Say goodbye to those who knew me Boy, was I a fool in school for cutting gym

This guy's got 'em scared to death Hope he doesn't see right through me Now I really wish that I knew how to swim

Be a man We must be swift as the coursing river Be a man With all the force of a great typhoon Be a man With all the strength of a raging fire Mysterious as the dark side of the moon

Time is racing toward us till the Huns arrive Heed my every order and you might survive You're unsuited for the rage of war So pack up, go home, you're through How could I make a man out of you?

Be a man We must be swift as the coursing river Be a man With all the force of a great typhoon Be a man With all the strength of a raging fire Mysterious as the dark side of the moon

Be a man We must be swift as the coursing river Be a man With all the force of a great typhoon Be a man With all the strength of a raging fire Mysterious as the dark side of the moon

A/N: 1 K !!!!

Good news! As of recently, the story has hit 1 thousand reads!!! I will be accepting requests on what you want the 1 K special chapter to be. You may choose from the options I've provided, or you can request something yourself. Thank you all for your love and support!!!

Options:

a) Mulan and Jian childhood story

b) How Mushu got demoted

c) Shang childhood story

d) Conversations between Mushu and the animals

e) Something Else: _____

You can vote until the 6th of December! BYE!!!

Another A/N:

Hey Guys! I'm sorry I haven't been updating recently, but I've been vacationing in USA this entire time, and my mom won't let me bring my laptop with me, and I really don't like writing this story on my phone because my phone gives me major writer's block. I know it makes so sense, but I'm telling the truth. Anyways, I'll be updating again soon, and you'll be getting the long overdue 1 K Special chapter you've been waiting for, so look forward to it !!!

Love you all, and thanks for understanding (or if you're mad at me, that's understandable and fine too). See you all again soon!!!

2 K Special Chapter !!!

A/N: So after about a week of voting, the majority have chosen the option C. Therefore, here is your special. A piece of Shang's childhood! Enjoy! This took a long time to make that we have long hit 2 K readers so this is a 2 K Special Chapter instead of a 1 K.

"Mother?"

Dark, shadowed eyes did not turn to face Li Shang.

His small hands placed themselves hesitantly upon the soft and pale, yet, frozen hands of his mother. She did not react or acknowledge his presence and touch. How could she?

Li Shang whimpered silently, praying to the ancestors that his mother would recover from the attack and call his name once more. He despised those traitorous men who had kidnapped his mother and attacked her into shock. Since she was recovered from the attackers, despite their escape, she had not spoken a word, not done a thing. Her handmaidens found feeding her alone difficult, for she would hardly chew. The worst part, however, were her night terrors.

Every night since her return, she would scream in her sleep, terrorised by nightmares of the ordeal. No amount of servants could calm her down, and none of the medications from the Imperial Doctor helped her condition. Not even Shang's father, Li Chen, could help his wife.

Shang would finish his daily duties and studies, and always spend every free moment he had sitting by his mother's side, hoping she would recover.

Yet, months flew by. He was losing hope.

He wanted his mother back.

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His father had insisted that he joined the trip to the east countryside. He did not in the least have the will to leave his mother in the home alone without him, but he reluctantly agreed, as he noticed how his father became extremely tense and cold when his mother was mentioned.

His father had left him with his two servants, Yi Tian and Shui Juan. The two kept a close eye on him, ensuring that he would not wander off on his own and get lost. Although the village was known for being quite safe, his father feared that he would be targeted as his mother was.

Quite frankly, Shang wasn't that afraid of the potential scenario. To his young mind, it was simply an opportunity to find out the identities of those men so he could one day avenge her.

The markets were crowded with people, and Shang yearned to explore the small village. "Shui Juan, can't I go look around?" he asked the female servant. "I won't go far. I promise."

"Young Master, I cannot allow that," Shui Juan gasped. "I would be punished severely for disobeying your father. You heard him, you are to remain close to him at all times. We don't know if more attackers are out there."

"I'll be careful," he insisted. "I promise. I just want to do more than nothing!"

Shui Juan hesitated, but stiffened as Yi Tian glared at her sharply. "No, young master. I'm sorry, you cannot leave the premises."

Shang sighed dejectedly as he looked longingly at the crowded streets where the village children were playing. He didn't know many children his age, and he so longed for a friend to call his own.

"*Huan gei wo!*"

His head snapped up to the direction of the distressed voice. A young girl, most likely a few years younger than he was, was
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reaching for a rolled up piece of paper. The girl's eyes shone with rage and determination as she tackled the boy holding the paper, wrestling him to the ground.

The boy cried out for his mother, who immediately pulled the girl off of her son and screamed at her for attacking him. "He took my homework!" She protested.

"Liar!" The boy retorted, rubbing his bruised arm. "Girls don't study! You're a stupid little liar!"

"I am not!" She cried out. "I am not stupid, and I am not a liar! You're the liar! And you're an arrogant, worthless, bully!"

Soon enough, the girl left with her homework in hand, close to tears as she ran straight for the alleys.

Shang watched her curiously. He'd never heard of an educated girl before. It wasn't exactly customary for females to learn to read or write, therefore rendering them dependent on their future spouses.

He noticed how Shui Juan and Yi Tian were themselves paying attention to the commotion that the girl had caused. Shui Juan was trying to eavesdrop on a group of mothers gossiping.

Taking that oppurtunity, he rushed straight for the alley where the girl had gone to, and found her in the corner of it, sniffling. "Are you okay?" He asked her. The girl jumped in surprise, wiping her tears on her sleeve and turning away from him.

Shang wasn't graced with an answer. "My name is Li Shang," he introduced himself. "Are you from here?"

"Yes," she sniffed. "Why do you care? Here to make fun of me like the others?"

Shang seemed taken aback. "No! Why would I make fun of you?"

She gazed at him with curious and wondering big brown doe eyes, eyebrows furrowing. "You're...not?"

"Of course not."

Her pale pink lips suddnely morphed into a grin. "Thank you," she whispered. "You're only the fifth person I know who doesn't think a girl learning to read and write is ridiculous. After only my family. But even my mother finds it a little inappropriate."

"At least your mother can voice her opinion," Shang announced dejectedly. "My mother stopped talking, or doing anything at all recently after she was attacked."

The girl stared at him for a moment with understanding eyes. She hugged her knees to her chest. "I haven't seen you around before. Are you from elsewhere?"

"I came with my father from the capital," he replied. "Father is meeting with Fa Zhou of the Fa family to ask about his health."

The girl's eyes widened tremendously, and Shang found himself trapped in the velvety brown colour of her eyes. "That's my *baba*!" she declared proudly, giving him a toothy grin. "*Mama* said that *baba* was meeting the General today. Are you the General's son?"

Shang nodded, dumbfounded. He had not at all expected to meet Fa Zhou's daughter, much less learn that she was literate and was encouraged to do so by her own father. His father had talked about Fa Zhou quite often in the household, for the man was known for his great deed in the battlefield, saving the General's life with the sacrifice of his own kneecap. Fa Zhou was said to have not been able to walk without a cane now, and nobody in the capital was aware that he had returned to his hometown with a child to welcome him. "Y-Yes. My name is Li Shang, by the way."

The daughter of Fa Zhou smiled sweetly, annoucing her own name. "I'm Fa Mulan! It was nice meeting you, Li Shang. I have to go home now. I hope your mother gets well soon. Ah!" she exclaimed suddenly, pulling something out from her dress and handing him the scroll that she had retrieved from the boy before. Her calligraphy of the word 'family' written on it. "I can't give you anything right now, but think of this as a good luck charm for your mother."

Shang blinked, staring at the scroll for a moment, before smiling at

Mulan. "Thank you."

With a wave of her hand, she rushed off back to her family compound, and Li Shang, with no reason to remain in that dark alley, returned to Yi Tian and Shui Juan, who had been searching for him all the while.

Shang returned to the capital with his father, and walked straight to his mother's room, where she sat in her rocking chair, eyes downcast and lips unmoving as usual. Saddened, he approached her and sat on the floor next to her. "I met an interesting girl in the east village mother," he whispered. "The daughter of Fa Zhou, who father talks about constantly...She's so strange, mother, yet, she makes me dare to hope."

He took the scroll from under his clothes and unravelled it, placing it on his mother's lap. "She's good at writing, isn't she?"

"...ly."

Shang's eyes widened as he heard the faintest sound from his mother's lips. Eyes welling with tears, he watched as her lips slowly but surely, mouthed the word. "Mother?" he said softly, holding her hand in his.

"Fa...mi...ly..."

Shang quickly demanded for the servants to call for his father and the doctor, sobbing happily as the single scroll Mulan had given him brought his mother back from the dead, brought her back to him.

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"I did not know there was another Fa son," declared Chi Fu.

Shang watched as Jian sent a look dark enough to kill at the Emperor's counsel. "Yes there is," he argued. "We, uh, don't talk about him much. When he was younger, he...uh...wasn't in the best condition, and was confined to a life inside the house. He is my sister's twin...um...P..Ping?"
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The newly made captain's eyes drifted towards the scrawny troublemaker, and indeed his facial features were similar to the girl he had met as child only once. Big brown eyes, thin lips, and a small build. One might ultimately mistaken him for a woman.

The General looked at Jian with a questioning look. "Was that a statement or question?"

Shang watched the boy named Ping with cold, calculating eyes, and thought back only to the conversation he and his father had with Jian earlier.

I wonder what she could be doing right now, he mused to himself. *The little daughter of Fa Zhou, the reviver of my mother's soul, and the one who dared me to keep hoping.*

A/N: WOOO!!! DONE!!! Sorry for the late update everyone, I've been stumped by school work. I always have at least two pieces of very difficult homework to submit in one day, and I'm always procrastinating too! Anyways, I hope you enjoyed this chapter and will return for more.

Little fact: Mulan's fake name, Fa Ping, actually could translate into a lot of things. But in this fanfic, it means 'flower vase' 花瓶. This is how it's written. And Jian's name is written as 花笺 which translates to just 'flowers'。Meanwhile, Mulan's name is written as 花木兰. In some translations, it could be both 'Magnolia' or 'Wood Orchid'. Basically, all their names revolve around flowers.

Comment if you guys want more chapters like this in the future, like for a winter special, or a next gen chapter. I won't do them right away, but I might. ;)

Ain't Biting No More Butts

[image]

Mushu paced back and forth nervously, muttering gibberish. "I don't like this! What if somebody sees you?" he challenged Mulan with a raised brow, arms on his hips.

Jian, for once, agreed wholeheartedly with the small dragon. "Mulan, this is an incredibly dangerous gamble you're playing," the Fa family Heir said. "Not only could this blow your cover, what if one of those bastard soldiers see you in this state?!"

"Just because I look like a man, doesn't mean I have to smell like one," Mulan retorted, releasing her short hair from her topknot.

"Hey," Jian huffed.

"Sorry."

Mushu scoffed and covered his eyes with his ears. "So a couple of guys don't rinse out their socks! Picky, picky, picky!" he snorted. "Me and myself, I kind of like that corn chip smell."

Mulan disregarded either males and tiptoed towards the water, jumping in and enjoying the feeling of cold relief washing over her body, relaxing her aching muscles. She pushed away her hair stuck to the sides of her face, moaning in pleasure.

Mushu sighed and picked up a small handkerchief, walking towards the nearest rock with his eyes still covered. "Okay, alright alright, that's enough. Now get out before you get all pruney and stuff!"

Mulan smirked. "Mushu, if you're so worried, go stand watch!"

"Little Orchid..."

"Jian, just join me," she smiled. "It's been a while since we've bathed together."

Jian sighed. "Of course it has. We grew up a long time ago, Mulan."

"Come on," Mulan pleaded. "Please? I can't reach my back."

Jian gazed into her doe-like brown eyes and melted. "Oh alright." He began stripping, careful to not allow her gaze to fall upon his private area, joining her in the waters. "This is inappropriate," he mumbled, as he scrubbed her back. "You're an unmarried woman. This should not be okay."

Mulan rolled her eyes at her brother. "Oh please. Like I'm ever going to marry. You heard the matchmaker."

Jian frowned. With all the training and fear for both his life and her own, he did not think that Mulan actually still took the Matchmaker's words to heart. "Forget about that woman," he whispered. "You're wonderful just as you are. No man who is unable to accept that will ever be worthy of your hand."

"I can imagine the kind of man who would want someone like me for a bride," Mulan snorted mockingly. "Name one man in camp who finds my personality remotely attractive."

Jian frowned, looking up at the stars and named the first man who came to mind. "Captain Li Shang?"

Mulan nearly choked on her own breath. "I'm sorry, what?!"

"Before you showed up at camp, the General asked me to help arrange a meeting between you and captain. I told him to wait after the war was over, but he seemed pretty interested in a woman who likes climbing trees."

"YOU TOLD THEM THAT?!" Mulan shrieked in horror, face a scarlet shade of red. "JIAN!"

Jian laughed, dousing her with more water, ignoring her embarrassed sputtering.

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Mushu huffed as he left the siblings to themselves. "Yeah, yeah," he
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mocked, his voice turning a falsetto. "Stand watch Mushu, while I blow our secret with my stupid girly habits!"

Crickee looked at the dragon questioningly as he showed his disdain for hygiene, when he heard rumbling and turned, squeaking in panic as he pointed at the three stripping men rushing towards the waters, pulling on the dragon's moustache.

A pair of pink and red heart patterned boxers landed on Mushu's face, and the guardian gasped in horror at the sight of Yao, Ling and Chien Po stripping as they jumped into the lake. "We're doomed!" Mushu howled. "There are a couple of things I know they're bound to notice!"

He brushed off the boxers, trapping Crickee with the horrible scent of mens' underwear.

'**Darn it!**' Crickee chirped angrily. '**MUSHU!**'

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"YAHHOOOOOO!!!"

The Fa siblings gasped as the voices of three specific soldiers rang in the air. "Oh no!" Jian gasped. "Mulan, swim. I told you this was a bad idea. Go! Go!"

Mulan grabbed hold of a Lily Pad and placed it closer to her chest, swimming towards the shore and hiding behind a rock in doing so. "Hey! Ping!"

Mulan gasped and gave a nervous smile, changing into her Ping voice. "Oh! Hi guys!" she said awkwardly. "I didn't know you were here!"

Jian rolled his eyes. "Yes, of course. We were just washing, so now that we're done, we'll just be on our way."

"Come back here!" Ling shouted after them. "I know we were jerks to you both before, so...let's start over." The skinny, tall man swam towards the two, Jian providing a shield between the two's bodies. "Hi. I'm Ling." He shook Mulan's hand, and as she tried to escape
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from behind, she walked smack first into Chien Po.

"And I'm Chien Po."

"Hello Chien Po." Jian panicked and wrapped his arms around Mulan protectively, then gaped in horror.

"And I'm Yao," said the small, gorilla-like man as he stood stark naked on the rock they were hiding behind. "KING OF THE ROCK!"

"Holy Buddha!" Jian whimpered, covering his sister's eyes. "Alright, that's enough. IF introductions are done, we'll go."

"What? Where are you going?" Ling protested. "Come on, don't be such a g-OW! SOMETHING BIT ME!"

Mushu jumped out of the water in front of the siblings, spitting and gagging. "Ugh! What a nasty flavour," he muttered.

Ling's eyes widened significantly as he caught sight of Mushu, screaming. "AH! SNAKE!!!"

He ran straight for the rock with Yao and Chien Po, as all three warily searched the water for any sign of a snake. Taking that chance, Mulan and Jian called for their loyal steeds with a quick whistle. Khan and Jun both came rushing, helping Mulan hide herself from the line of sight of the three men, Jian wrapping a towel around her and himself. "Boy, that was close," she sighed in relief and horror all at once.

"NO!" Mushu protested, brushing his teeth furiously, trying to get the taste of Ling's arse out of his mouth. "That was vile! You owe me big!"

"You've been defiled," Jian muttered in terror. "Your eyes have been defiled. How do I explain this to *baba* and *mama*? How could I have failed in protecting your innocence?!"

Mulan shuddered as she squeezed water out of her hair. "I never want to see a naked man again."

At that very moment, all the remaining soldiers from the camp

rushed past. them all, naked head to toe. Mulan froze in place, and Khan snorted, shaking his head in disgust at the sight they had all just witnessed. Jian sobbed into his hands at his failure of keeping his sister pure.

Mushu glared at all the men, turning to Mulan. "Hey, don't look at me. I ain't bitin' no more butts!"

A/N: Phew! Another chapter done! Sorry it took so long! I think this is one of my longer chapters. What do you think? I hope you enjoyed it!

A/N: ANNOUNCEMENT!!! IMPORTANT, PLEASE READ!

[image]

Oh my gosh, *'Honour to Us All'* has made it into the rankings, guys! It's all thanks to you and your support. I hope you'll continue to support Mulan and Jian's story and look forward to the next chapter!

By the way, I'm planning ahead on my next Disney Fanfiction. I would like your suggestions on what to make.

Please enter your suggestion on what Disney movie I should make a fan fiction of here: _____

Once again, thank you for your support until now!

[image]

A/N: Small Hiatus

Hey everyone! This is the Author! I just wanted to notify you that there will be no updates from the 23rd of September to the 4th of October, as I will be off on a 2 week trip with my schoolmates for some volunteer work. Since we're not allowed to bring our major devices such as our laptops (which is what I use to write this story), there will be 0 updates during that time. I promise to compensate with better updates later after I return. Until then!

Sincerely,

Author

I Think You Make A Great Captain

[image]

A/N: The video above is the video which led be down the void which inevitably distracted me from finishing this story. Forgive me. SHOUTOUT TO ALL THE ARMYs!

"They've completed their training!"

The Fa siblings paused from their walk to return to their tent as they heard the furious voice of Captain Li Shang rage from within his tent, the silhouette of Shang and the Emperor's Counsel visible as their argument echoed within the counsellor's tent. "Those **boys** are no more fit to be soldiers than you are to be captain!" Chi Fu spat, emphasising the word 'boys'. "Once the general reads my report, your troops will never see battle!"

Jian frowned, knowing this was simply Chi Fu's bias against Shang talking, and Jian was ascertained by their training so far that Shang was a well disciplined and well trained captain. He was sure Mulan would agree.

"We're not finished!" came Shang's angered shout.

"Be careful, captain. The general may be your father, but I am the Emperor's counsel." The siblings could almost sense the smirk in his voice. "You know, by the way, I got that job on my own."

The siblings gasped lightly. "You're dismissed!"

Mulan and Jian watched as Shang marched out of Chi Fu's tent, enraged by the counsel's words.

In an attempt to lighten the captain's mood, Mulan opened up her big mouth and blabbered, "Hey, I'll hold him, and you punch!" Jian face palmed as Mulan ended the statement with a nervous laugh, on

the bad end of Shang's *'it's not funny, shut up'* glare.

"Or not," Mulan mumbled to herself at the end.

The young girl bit her bottom lip, looking up in between her lashes and chose to speak up once more, this time, from her heart. "For what it's worth...I think you're a great captain!"

Shang paused for a moment, turning to look at Mulan from the corner of his eye, then moving on back to his tent as if it never happened. However, the gesture did not escape the watchful, overprotective older brother eye of Jian.

Mulan narrowed his eyes and crawled forward, raising a brow at Mulan, who was still smiling with a faraway look in her gaze. "I saw that," the dragon blanched.

Mulan jumped, looking down at the dragon by her feet, nervous. "Saw what?"

"You like him, don't you?" Mushu cooed a little mockingly.

Jian's eyes widened as Mulan's face erupted with a light pink flush, stammering. "What? No, I--"

"Yeah, alright, yeah sure," the dragon interrupted, suddenly doing a 180 and put on the persona of a stern mother. "Go to your tent!"

Mulan rolled her eyes, and Jian sighed. "Mulan," he whispered, stopping her in her tracks. "Do you really like Captain Shang?"

"Well, no, I mean yes, I mean no, I mean," she took a deep breath to calm herself. "Maybe..."

Jian took a good look at his sister's expression the the pale moonlight, her lightly blushing cheeks, her anxious biting of her lower lips, her averted gaze avoiding eye contact with him.

Ah, he thought. My little orchid is growing up.

"I've nothing against it," he said softly petting her head. "Just be careful not to let yourself be revealed until this war is over. Then

you can love him to your heart's content."

"Wh-What?! I-I never said anything about love!" Mulan squeaked. "I-I'm going to bed! Goodnight!" And she ran quickly, stumbling over a few stones in the dark to avoid the subject.

Jian looked behind him, at Mushu and Crickee who seemed to be planning something. He narrowed his eyes at the two, but chose to ignore it instead, opting to visit the captain's tent. Shang was relieving stress by punching his pillow. "Care to talk?"

Shang faced Jian, frowning. "I'm not in the mood."

Jian chuckled softly. "And what if I say this is about Ping and my sister?"

Shang stiffened, and Jian laughed at his reaction. The captain turned to the eldest male of the Fa family with a questioning gaze. "What is it?"

"First of all, what do you think about Ping?"

"He's...a strange one," Shang began, and Jian nodded, agreeing. "But it's not unpleasant, surprisingly. It's almost endearing."

Jian stared at the captain for a moment, surprised by his response, and Shang felt uncomfortable under that stare. "What?"

"Sorry, nothing," Jian apologised curtly, lost in thought. "It's just a surprise. I was under the impression you didn't like him at first."

"That was when he was a useless weakling who knocked people over clumsily," Shang battled.

"He is still like that, you know," Jian countered, smirking. "Only less frequent. Now, how do you feel about my sister being exactly like that."

"A woman with that level of clumsiness?" Shang scoffed. "Obviously your family didn't teach her the usual ways of a woman."

Jian helped himself to a cup of tea from Shang's desk. "But that's not

the point, is it?" he said calmly, sipping his tea. "I'm asking if that kind of woman would attract you. Aside from the clumsiness, being outspoken, skilled in combat, smart and quick-witted, and most of all, herself. How do you feel about that?"

It took a while for Shang to reply, as he stared off into space, searching his mind for an answer his head and heart agreed on. "I suppose...I...wouldn't be against it."

"Good enough for me," Jian mumbled to himself, smiling as he clapped Shang on the back. "So, future brother-in-law, let's first set up some rules if you wish to court my sister. First--"

"CAPTAIN!"

Both men jumped at the sudden shout of the arrogant Chi Fu, for some reason, wrapped both body and head in towels, a panicked expression on his face as he handed them a letter. "Urgent news from the General! We're needed at the fronts!"

"We'll...take this talk another time," Jian said seriously. "I'll go notify the soldiers."

"Get them to pack up the tents and ready the horses," Shang commanded. "And pack the provisions and have them ready by dawn."

"Yes sir."

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Jian had just finished passing on Shang's orders to the other soldiers, who had hurried on to pack their belongings and prepare for battle. As Jian let Mulan gear up, he noticed Mushu looking unusually happy. "You seem excited for this war," he said coldly. "Any particular reason?"

"Of course!" Mushu said happily. "If you and Mulan do well in the fronts, I could get promoted."

"This isn't a joke, Mushu, it's our lives on the line," Jian spat, honestly terrified for the lives of himself and his sister. "Take this
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seriously."

Before Mushu could make a smart and sassy comeback, Jian and Mulan walked out of the tent, saddling up their steeds to lug the luggage during the trip. Luckily, Khan and Jun were strong and well trained. "Soldiers, we're leaving for the fronts!" Shang announced, readied on his horse. "This will be your chance to prove the results of your training and fight for your country and Emperor!"

But who knows if they'll make out of it alive.

A/N: OH MY GOD, finally an update! Yup, I ain't dead and I have not abandoned Jian and the gang. Sorry it took so long, but I've been struck with K-fever all year and my Kpop craze is still ongoing. It won't let me update as often since I'm stuck with the desire to publish a Kpop story, but I'll try to finish this book eventually. Speaking of which, as I plan on making another Disney fan fiction, I made a poll earlier this May, and the options have been narrowed down to:

A) Aladdin

B) Brave

C) Coco

D) Frozen

E) _____(Any additional option you'd prefer)

I hope the voting will have a solid result by the time I finish this book, so I can get straight to writing and update more often with the second book of the Disney Series. Thank you for your patience all this time, and I hope you'll continue supporting this story.

A Girl Worth Fighting For

[image]

The march was long and tiring, the soldiers surviving off only rations prepared for the army, and donning heavy armour on foot, it was no simple task to travel the long distance required of them. Shang and Chi Fu were the only ones allowed to ride horses, as they were the commanding officer and an official, whilst Khan and Jun were being used as carriage horses in pulling the rations and equipment (as well as Mushu and Crickee who had it easy).

"**For a long time we have been marching off to battle,**" the soldiers grumbled together, exhausted by the long march, posture slouched as they felt themselves wasting away.

"**In our thundering herd we feel a lot like cattle,**" Yao complained as he bitterly looked at the herd of cows grazing at the hills without a care in the world.

"**Like the pounding beat, our aching feet aren't easy to ignore!**"

Ling suddenly pushed through the cavalry ranks to grab Chien Po and Yao by their shoulders, a grin on his face. "**Hey! Think of instead, a girl worth fighting for~!**" Chien Po and Yao suddenly smile dreamily at the thought, confusing Mulan and Jian. "**Huh?**"

"**That's what I said!**" Ling grinned, arm around Mulan's shoulder, suddenly taking out a piece of paper from his armour to reveal a painting of a fair woman. "**A girl worth fighting for~! I want her paler than the moon,**" he sighed with a wistful look in his eyes. "**And eyes that shine like stars.**"

"**My girl will marvel at my strength!**" Yao joined in his friend. "**Adore my battle scars!**"

"**I couldn't care less what she wears or what she looks like!**" Chien Po cut in, making Mulan jump. "**It all depends on what she cooks like! Beef, pork, chicken, mmm~**"

As they crossed the rivers with their swords raised above their heads, Yao snuck up on Mulan and grinned cheekily. "**Bet the local girls thought you were quite the charmer!**" Jian glared and shielded Mulan from Yao by ushering her forward.

The siblings then restrained their laughter as Ling walked out with water filling his armour as if he had bulging muscles. "**And I bet the ladies love a man in armour,**" Ling sang, shouting at the Fa siblings for bursting into laughter.

"**You can guess what we've missed the most since we went off to war~**" The soldiers sang with more gusto as the march led them past the fields where some ladies were planting seedlings, eyes cleared by the sight. Mushu couldn't help himself and wolf-whistled at the sight of them, causing the ladies to think the siblings had done it. Mulan and Jian looked away with reddened cheeks as the ladies started giggling at them, Jian smacking Mushu discreetly. "**What do we want?**" Ling sang.

"**A girl worth fighting for~!**"

"**My girl will think I have no faults!**" Yao added as he marched next to the siblings. Chien Po paused his march to join the group. "**That I'm a major find.**" They waited for Mulan to speak, putting her on the spot. Was this all what men actually wanted women to be like?

Mulan was at a loss for what to say. "**Uh...How about a girl who's got a brain...who always speaks her mind?**" The boys' faces fell and they turned away, somewhat disappointed by Mulan's 'type'. "**NAH!**" She felt somewhat hurt, but Jian pat her shoulder in a comforting manner. Unbeknownst to the siblings, Li Shang had heard that and paused a little, wondering if they were searching for a partner for their sister back at home. "**My manly ways and turn of phrase are sure to thrill her!**" Ling sang confidently, putting up an expression he thought was supposed to be manly but made Mulan think he was half-asleep.

She removed herself quickly from Ling, and knelt down to listen to Yao whisper. "**He thinks he's such a lady killer.**" He smacked Khan's behind, causing Ling to fall into a puddle of mud as the

carriage he was leaning on rushed off.

Chi Fu smirked as he pulled up his hood. "**I've a girl at home who's unlike any other.**" Jian and Mulan snorted.

"**Yeah the only girl who'd love him is his mother,**" they both told their friends, earning a dirty look from the Emperor's counsel and snickers from the soldiers who wholeheartedly agreed with them.

"**Yeah but when we come home in victory, they'll line up at the door!**"

"**What do we want?**" Ling sang at the top of his lungs, the cavalry marching through the thick snow.

"**A GIRL WORTH FIGHTING FOR~ !**"

"**Wish that I had!**"

"**A GIRL WORTH FIGHTING FOR~! A GIRL WORTH FIGHTING--**"

The joyful and carefree atmosphere dropped, the soldiers all gaping in shock and horror at the sight of a blood red sky framing the burnt remains of what should have been the village where the General's troops were camping. Gates, homes, and even their waking bell had been burnt down to nothing but ash and char, the snow within the confines of the crumbling stone walls dyed the same red as the sky, reflecting the slaughter which must have happened.

"No," Jian sucked in a breath in horror, eyes catching sight of the fact that there were no bodies left behind. He had near to no doubt that the attackers would have taken spoils of war, but to think... He discreetly turned to look at Shang's face, knowing that of everyone here, their Captain would be the most horror-stricken, for those attacked in this village had been his father's troops, some of China's best soldiers.

Yet Shang maintained a strong front, turning to his soldiers as they entered the ravaged village. "Search for survivors," he commanded, riding his steed out to do the same. Mulan walked slowly in the same direction Shang did, Jian by her side as they observed the

carnage, burnt remains of a village which must have housed dozens of villagers, the only crime they had which caused their death being the fact that their village was located so very close to the borders in a time of war.

Mulan looked down at the rag doll resting in the snow, one that would have belonged to a young child before...Jian watched as Mulan shut her eyes, praying silently for the young girl's soul as she held the rag doll to her chest.

Shang came down from his horse, looking around with a wrinkle in his brow and fists clenched. "I don't understand," he said lowly. "My father should have been here."

"CAPTAIN!"

Chi Fu's shout made their hearts pound louder, quicker, more frantic than ever. Shang walked over to where Chi Fu stood, eyes wide and lips parted as his stomach dropped. The siblings gasped at the horrific sight of China's soldiers on the snow, bodies strewn all over, their blood seeping into the snow and dying it in the colours of . The banners of China's best troops were burnt, all the soldiers lying with their backs turned to the village's direction, not a single one facing the village.

Not a single one of them tried to run away.

Jian turned away from the sight. It was no mere attack, it had been a complete massacre.

Chien Po climbed back up the slope with a very familiar looking helmet in his hands, solemnly handing it over to Shang. Shang gaped at the helmet, for his suspicions had been confirmed, and the captain was overwhelmed by grief, both for his father, the fallen soldiers, and the villagers they couldn't save.

He turned his back and made his way to the edge of the cliff, unsheathing his sword from its scabbard and throwing it into the ground, carefully placing his father's helmet on the handle as if he were holding something sacred to his heart. Mulan and Jian watched in despair as their respected captain grieved and mourned

for his father, bowing in prayer for the general's soul to depart peacefully to the afterlife. Mulan's heart ached at the sight of Shang so distraught, the sight of someone who had lost his father hurting her soul so, and hesitating as she walked forward, head hung low. "I'm sorry," she whispered so softly she wasn't sure he had heard her.

Shang turned to see the look on 'Ping's' face, a look not of pity, but of equal pain. He got to his feet, resting a palm on Mulan's shoulder in acknowledgement of her respects. Their eyes met for only a moment, and all Shang saw was understanding. He thought to himself. *That's right... If not for Jian and Ping, it would have been Fa Zhou here, joining my father's troops in the battle,* he pondered. *It would have been he and his sister who would never see their father again.* In a way, the Fa family truly struck luck for having two sons. Shang walked away, steeling his heart and mind as he mounted his steed. "The huns are moving quickly," he spoke in a commanding voice, looking to his soldiers with calm gazes. "We'll make better time to the Imperial city through the Tung Shao pass."

The soldiers all stared at Shang with wary eyes, clearly afraid and doubtful that they may still triumph over the Huns. "We're the Emperor's only hope now," Shang continued, not a single tremor of hesitation in his voice. "Move out."

The soldiers followed their captain's orders, for what could they do but so? Jian paused as he looked to Mulan still holding the doll, as she decided to lay the doll next to Shang's sword. His heart ached. Why did those soldiers have to die like this? They were someone's father, son, brother, husband, friend...

What right did the Huns have to simply rob them of their lives like this, not even giving them a proper burial, treating China's honourable soldiers like beasts hunted for fun?

"Jian," Mulan called out, snapping him out of his angered trance. Her eyes were gentle and filled with hope. "We'll make it home..."

Jian shut his eyes, tightly holding onto her hand like it was his last link to any form of sanity. "Yeah..."

A/N: Sorry that I haven't updated in a long time. I've only recently been able to find some free time to write this chapter, and it was quite rushed, but I'm quite happy with it. The fact that such a boisterous and happy song was suddenly interrupted by the horrific sight that welcomed them has a jarring effect, something that I wasn't expecting when I first watched Mulan, and I wanted to emphasise that, as well as create a deeper insight into Jian's personality and the respect that Mulan and Shang have for one another. I hope you enjoyed this chapter, as I had a lot of fun writing it. Stay healthy, wash your hands, wear face masks, and be careful with your hygiene.

Attack in the Mountains

[image]

The walk through Tung Shao pass was sombre and silent, the only existing sound was the heaving misty breaths of the soldiers and the sound of the horses' hooves pressing into the deep, white snow. Out of nowhere, one of the rockets in the carriage shot out, exploding in midair. Shang and Jian's eyes widened as they turned to see a hole in Mulan's carriage. Jian rushed over to see Mushu pointing at Crickee to evade responsibility. "You idiot!" Jian hissed lowly so only they would hear. "You alerted the Huns on our location!"

Shang moved forward to scold Mulan, but instead was shot off horseback as an arrow implanted itself into his shoulder. The soldiers looked up to see dark figures standing on the steep mountainside adjacent to them, a storm of arrows raining upon them. Ignoring the pain, Shang pulled the arrow out of his armour, yelling to his soldiers. "GET OUT OF RANGE!"

The soldiers ran from the mountain as fast as they could, and in the panic, Mulan and Jian struggled to keep Khan and Jun calm and lead them out of the Huns' firing range. Before long, they were caught off-guard by the flaming arrows which replaced the normal ones, and the flames caught onto Mulan's carriage.

"SAVE THE CANNONS!" Shang commanded, and the soldiers rushed to unload the cannons from within the carriage, hearts pounding with panic as the rain of fire arrows had not stopped at all. Jian hurried to cut off the carriage from Khan's girdle, and Mulan took the chance to mount her loyal steed and they escaped just in the nick of time as the carriage exploded, the shockwave causing Mulan to fall off Khan and land in the snow. Next to her, Mushu and Crickee landed, and the dragon snarkily made a remark about how she chose to save Khan and leave him and Crickee behind.

But Mulan had no time for Mushu's ridiculous comments. She grabbed him and her sword, running side by side with Khan as some of her comrades were already positioning their cannons,

aimed at the mountain cliffs where the Huns' archers were. Shang gave commands to fire at the cliffs, and after what felt like a lifetime's worth of explosions, Mulan sensed the quiet in the air, eyes gaping at the cliffs, almost relieved that she no longer saw a Hun in sight.

However as the smoke from the explosives cleared, the soldiers of China watched with horrified disbelief as a hun emerged from the snow atop a war horse, followed by another, and another, and another... Jian murmured under his breath. "Dear Lord..."

There had to be at least a few hundred soldiers on the other side, and leading them up front, Shan Yu, the leader of the Huns' army, a falcon perched on his shoulder. The enemy roared and raised their weapons, their bloodlust and killing intent filling up the thin mountain air. Their numbers were overwhelming, and one did not have to be a genius to know it was impossible for a group of 30 soldiers to fight against an army of hundreds. Shang unsheathed his sword, eyes unwavering as his courage maintained despite the great difference between their forces. "Prepare to fight!" he announced, his men unsheathing their own swords, uncertain and afraid. "If we die, we die with honour."

As Shan Yu's falcon broke into a high pitched cry, it soared, and marked the beginning of a massacre. The Huns followed behind Shan Yu as they rode their horses towards them, and it was unmistakable that every single one of them came to spill the blood of China. "Yao, aim the last cannon at Shan Yu," Shang instructed, knowing that even if they would not survive this battle, at the very least, they could take out one of the Huns' generals.

Mulan grit her teeth, fingers gripping tightly onto her sword, and as her eyes fluttered onto the blade in her hands, she caught eyes of the reflection of the snowy cliffside in the distance.

An idea came to her. It was an insane idea, a ridiculously crazy one, and she was sure that she had gone insane as well. She placed her sword back into its scabbard and grabbed the last cannon from Yao, running as fast as she could towards the Hun army. Jian's eyes widened. "NO!"

"PING! Come back!" Shang ordered, suddenly frantic as his soldier ran off with the last cannon, straight into the Hun army, a complete suicide mission. "PING!"

Mulan had already run too far to hear Shang and Jian's cries. Her eyes were focused on the peak of the snowy mound, where she implanted the cannon, aiming it at the snow cliff. In the distance, Jian finally realised Mulan's plan and commanded a soldier to release the panicking Khan, and the loyal steed galloped towards its master. "Don't!" he shouted at Chien Po, Ling and Yao as they began to follow Mulan into the fray. "No! Ping has a plan!" Jian knew his warnings were unheard to Shang, who had already left to go after Mulan.

Mulan desperately trying to light the flint, before giving up in frustration and using Mushu to light the cannon. As the cannon fired, she found Shan Yu hovering over her, menacing golden eyes staring her down and regarding her as a suicidal fool.

The discharge of the cannon rang, echoing through the mountains, and as the cracks appeared on the ice and snow, Mulan couldn't help but smirk.

The ice and snow began to crumble, their reinforced support no longer existent, it all comes crashing down at an alarming speed onto the Hun army. Shan Yu turned to see what the small soldier before him was smirking at, eyes wide in horror and mouth agape as he saw the avalanche that cannon had triggered. His sight was filled with red, and he swung his sword as Mulan flailed and tried to escape. Khan reached her side just in time as she quickly mounted him and rode off, gasping as she saw Shang heading her way, reaching out her hand for him to take as she boosted him onto Khan's back. "You're insane!" Shang shouted at her at the top of his lungs, trying to be coherent above the noise of the avalanche tailing them.

"I know!"

The snow and ice had consumed a great portion of the Huns, and those who had not yet been buried in the cold were trying desperately to escape it on horseback, Shan Yu included. Khan was

a quick horse, and thank goodness for that as they quickly hid behind the rocks on the edge of the cliff, avoiding the avalanche and the massive strewn bodies mixed into them as they plummeted from the openings between the rocks. The cry of Shan Yu rang through the air, before the avalanche ended and only silence filled the air.

It was unbelievable, that even with the odds stacked against them, they had won the battle.

Jian was the first to move once the battle was won, rushing to his sister and enveloping her in a tight hug. "You idiot!" he resisted the urge to cry. "Gosh, that was brilliant, but I'm scolding you for your lack of self-preservation!"

"Sorry," Mulan weakly smiled, knowing her brother was just worried for her.

Shang placed a hand on Mulan's shoulder, the Fa siblings turning to their captain. His expression was stern as he looked Mulan in the eyes. "Ping, you are the craziest man I have ever met."

Mulan winced a little at his words, her vision a little hazy. "And for that," he continued, his expression now soft. "I owe you my life...from now on, you have my trust."

"Let's hear it for Ping!" Ling enthusiastically called out. "The bravest of us all!"

"You're King of the Mountain!" Yao added, the entire troop all cheering and celebrating not only Mulan's great feat, but also the fact that they had survived the battle and defeated the enemy of China.

Her head was pounding, and everything seemed to be spinning. Her fingers clenched onto Jian's arm, and she looked down, where blood was seeping through her armour, dying it in her colours. "He's wounded!" Shang cried out as he saw the red seeping onto the green. "Get help!"

"No, nononono," Jian sucked in a breath in panic as Mulan

collapsed in his arms, her eyelids droopy as her consciousness began to slip away. "No, little one, hold on, the medic is coming!"

Mulan's vision was consumed in darkness, and her last memory before that was of Shang and Jian asking her to hold on.

A/N: Finally a new chapter, ahahaha. Sorry about the late update, quarantine has me procrastinating everything, including my fanfics. Hope you enjoyed this one. I don't really do well with action scenes, but I think I did okay. I have SACs starting up next week the moment school starts back up and the week after, which will consume most of my time, so the next update should be in about two weeks. Please be patient with me, and I hope you're all social distancing properly. Wash your hands, don't meet up in groups of more than two people, and don't hoard. Do your part for the community. Stay safe and stay healthy, we'll get through this tough time.

A Life for a Life

[image]

The troops waited outside as Mulan was being treated in the Medic's tent. Jian knew the moment the medic came out, he would out of obligation tell Shang about Mulan's true identity. He stood at the entrance of the tent anxiously, watching as Shang paced back and forth.

Jian wasn't an idiot.

He's seen how Shang looks at Mulan, or rather Ping, oh so fondly. That look was for neither a subordinate nor a friend, it was a gaze filled with adoration and joy. And what could it be but love? Days ago, if one had asked Jian what he would have liked to happen at the end of the war, he would have said that he wished to go home with Ping, reunite with his family. He would have been slightly reluctant to let Shang meet Mulan as promised, but he knew how they felt for one another, and who was he to deny his sister's happiness?

Now?

Knowing that soon, Mulan's identity will be revealed, all he wanted was for her to be pardoned and to go home with her, let the entire troop pretend Ping never existed, and live peacefully with his sister alive.

The medic exited the tent, and his expression was concerned as he went to speak to Shang. Jian entered the tent almost immediately, seeing Mulan rested underneath a blanket, stirring as she regained consciousness. He knelt down next to her, and as Shang entered the tent, his eyes filled with betrayal and distrust, Jian understood that Shang was now aware. "Is it true?"

Mulan's eyes fluttered open, and instinctively she began to rise, the blanket falling off her shoulders and revealing her bound chest. Jian was the first to pull the blanket back up and cover her up, her body

shivering at the disappointed gaze Shang gave them. "I can explain."

Suddenly, Chi Fu barged into the tent, took one look at Mulan and sneered with all his might. "So it's true!"

Jian saw red as Chi Fu's hand reached out to grab Mulan's arm. "DON'T TOUCH HER, YOU SCUM!"

Shang left the tent, and injured and weak, Mulan couldn't fight back as Chi Fu dragged her out, unclothed, only covered by a think blanket, in the snow for all her comrades to see. Jian rushed to cover her up with another blanket, glaring at Chi Fu and the soldiers who dared to hurt his sister. "I knew there was something wrong with you!" Chi Fu spoke in an almost delighted tone, forcefully ripping away Mulan's hairband. "A woman!"

The men of the camp began to gasp, seeing Mulan with her hair down and her bound chest, suddenly realising that one of their most trusted comrades had been a woman all this time. "Treacherous snake!" Chi Fu spat.

"Don't you dare speak to her that way!" Jian growled, unsheathing his sword and pressing his blade to the counsel's neck. "She saved your life! She saved the lives of everyone here while all you've done is snivel and whine like an entitled child!"

"She is a woman!" Chi Fu retorted, through there was now fear shaking in his voice. "This is treason! A woman in the army? A disgrace!"

"My name is Mulan!" she protested, glaring at the counsel, and then turning to Shang whose back was facing her. "I did it to save my father! if it weren't for you forcing my father to join the troops, claiming that your words were those of China's, then my brother alone would have been enough! If anything, you forced this to happen!"

"High treason!" Chi Fu went on, inwardly trying to egg on the soldiers to feel resentment towards Mulan, his personal grudges bubbling to the surface.

"I didn't mean for it to go this far!"

"Ultimate dishonour!"

"ENOUGH!" Jian roared, pressing the blade deeper into Chi Fu's neck, the counsel yelping and stammering. "You speak of honour, yet you will kill your saviour?! If what she has done is truly treason, then it is the Emperor's duty to judge her fate, not yours! You, who bought your way into the council with your in-law's connections, you who have a personal grudge against our father, and completely unqualified to judge our fate!"

Chi Fu ignored Jian, turning his head to Shang. "Captain."

The captain had his fists clenched, scrutinising the sight of the shivering woman who was one of his most promising soldiers. He wanted to hate her, he wanted to resent her, because her existence meant that Ping was never real, that Ping was... In a swift move he unsheathed the sword from Khan's girdle, causing the steed to panic, alarming Jun as well. Jian's eyes widened I disbelief, feeling fury rise within him as the person he was previously willing to trust with Mulan's happiness was now raising a blade to her person. He redirected his blade at his captain, stance prepared for battle. "If you want to kill her, go through me first."

"You--"

Jian cut off Chi Fu's words, though he kept his eyes on Shang. "Oh you would love it, wouldn't you, Chi Fu? If your dreaded rival's only son and only daughters' lives all ended in your hands. The satisfaction you'd have. I wonder what people will say once word gets out that Chi Fu, the man who bought his way into the Emperor's council, ended the entire Fa family line for personal grudges, even when his life had been saved by one of them. You will lose all your honour and your dignity, who will ever trust you again?"

Shang raised the sword, and Jian tensed as he was prepared the fight, frozen when the sword was thrown down to the ground in front of Mulan. Shang's expression was filled with betrayal and conflict. "A life for a life," he spoke lowly. "My debt is repaid..."

Jian lowered his sword, staring at Shang as he retreated and ordered for the soldiers to move out. The disappointment in Chi Fu's eyes were all too obvious, even as Shang menacingly threatened him to keep silent and left.

Shang didn't say a word as Jian chose not to follow them, instead remaining with Mulan, Jun by his side, eyes not averting. They eyes met for a brief moment of understanding, and so the Fa siblings were left in the snow, Mulan's head bowed the whole time until they were no longer within their sight.

Jian held Mulan close to him, as they mourned the loss of Ping, and silently celebrated the fact that they were both still alive.

They set up a small fireplace with a few sticks Jian found and Mushu's fire, huddling up to stay warm as they sat there staring into the fire. Mushu emerged from hiding sulking. "I was this close... this close!" he whined childishly, picking up one of the leftover arrowheads from the battle and observing it. "To impressing the ancestors, getting the top shelf, an entourage..." he sighed. "Man...all my fine work."

"Is that all you can think of, you lizard?" Jian spat. "Our lives were on the line. Mulan and I could have died, and all you care about is a promotion?!"

"Stop it," Mulan stopped her brother before he and Mushu got into another argument. "I should have never left home."

Jian wrapped an arm around his little sister, seeing her dejected expression breaking his heart. "Mulan..."

"Eeh, come on, you went to save your father's life. Who knew you'd end up shaming him and disgracing your ancestors, and losing all your friends..." Mushu insensitively remarked, distracted by the dumpling he was trying to heat up. "You know you just gotta...gotta learn to just let these things go," he finished with a whimper, as if he had been reprimanding himself.

Mulan shook her head lightly. "Maybe I didn't go for my father," she admitted, finding comfort in her brother's arms. Her kind, accepting

brother who would never abandon her. "Maybe what really I wanted was to prove I could do things right..." She picked up her helmet and stared at her reflection in it, distraught by what she saw. "so when I looked in the mirror, I'd see someone worthwhile.

"But I was wrong," she whispered as a tear slipped down her face. "I see nothing."

"Don't say that," Jian reprimanded her, wiping away her tear. "You're not nothing."

Mushu stared at the two siblings he came for, looking at his own reflection in the helmet and frowning. "Truth is we're both frauds. Your ancestors didn't send me, they don't even like me. You risked your life to help people you love, I risked my life to help myself. At least you had good intentions.

Crickee jumped onto the helmet and started bawling uncontrollably. Mushu startled as he grabbed Crickee. "What?! What do you mean you're not lucky? You...lied to me?" Crickee nodded as Mushu turned to Khan and Jun with distrust. "And what are you two, sheep?!"

Mulan sighed, her breath visible as cold mist. "I'll have to face my father sooner or later...let's go home."

"Yeah," Mushu agreed. "This ain't gonna be pretty. But don't you worry, kid, things will work out. We started this thing together, and that's how we'll finish it."

Jian huffed at Mushu as he pulled them in for a warm hug. "That is the first and last time I will ever agree with you."

A/N: Whoo boy! Okay, new chapter done! Thank you all for being patient and waiting for this chapter. I was contemplating two different scenarios of what would happen in this scene, but I went with the troops leaving the Fa siblings behind, because no matter the butterfly effect, the patriarchy doesn't change *that* much, considering the setting.

I hope everyone is properly social distancing, washing hands,

sanitising and keeping healthy. Stay home, stay safe, stay alive. We can get through this.

Arriving At The Capital

[image]

A loud screech of Shan Yu's falcon pierced the air. Jian wasn't surprised the bird survived the avalanche. It could fly after all.

He and Mulan began to pack saddle their horses to head home, when a cry echoed through the valley, deep and filled with unadulterated rage. Their hearts dropped to their stomachs as they marched towards the cliff edge and looked down at where the Huns had been buried, a group of Hun soldiers including their leader Shan Yu breaking out from the snow and staring out at the lights of the Imperial Capital below.

"Impossible," Jian mumbled as Mulan gasped. "How did they survive that avalanche?"

"They must've been buried in shallow snow," Mulan frantically suggested, rushing to Khan and sheathing her sword in its scabbard, Jian and Jun following suit.

"Uh, home is *that* way," Mushu reminded them, pointing in the opposite direction.

"We have to do something!" Mulan said stubbornly.

Mushu looked at her in disbelief. "Did you see those Huns? They popped out of the snow! Like daisies!" he cried out with his arms flailing in the air.

"Are we in this together, or not?"

Jian couldn't help but feel immensely proud as he saw the determination in his sister's eyes. She's always been stubborn and kind, but this confidence and courage came with her training in the camp.

Mushu and Crickee looked to each other before Mushu's fear

seemed to melt away. "Well let's go kick some HUNNY BUN!"

Both hopped onto Khan as the siblings rode off to the Capital as fast as they could. Khan and Jun were exerting all they had in their strides, knowing how urgent the matter was and how it was imperative they arrived before the Huns did.

When they arrived, there was the troops marching through a grand procession towards the Imperial Palace. The news of victory must have only arrived moments before, yet the people of the capital were already celebrating with wine and feasts. In the front of the procession marched a band of musicians, acrobats and a dragon parade, followed by an announcer walking on foot telling everyone to make way for the heroes of china. Smugly riding his horse and waving as if he himself had been the one to end the war singlehandedly, Chi Fu sat on his high horse, glad that he had managed to disgrace both of Fa Zhou's children. Behind him rode Captain Li Shang, head hung low and dejected, thinking of his fallen comrades and the betrayal of both Ping and Jian which still left fresh scars on his heart.

The rest of the soldiers, including Chien Po, Ling and Yao, marched on foot behind their captain, raising their troop flag, yet their expressions were not those of joy, but instead remorse for having lost brothers in arms and their dear friends.

Khan and Jun broke through the crowds towards the front row where the procession was clear for all to see. Jian placed a hand on Mulan's shoulder. "I'll ride ahead to see if I can spot them. Go warn Shang." Mulan nodded, and Khan swiftly rode next to Shang, whose eyes were wide with shock at her sudden appearance. "Mulan?"

"The Huns are alive! They're in the city!" Mulan announced.

Shang's grip on his steed's reins were tighter, so tight his knuckles were white. "You don't belong here, Mulan," he spat angrily, still upset that he'd been lied to for so long by someone he trusted so much. "Go home."

Mulan felt a stab in her chest at the disdain in his eyes, but steeled herself as she caught up with him. "Shang, I saw them in the

mountains!" she insisted, eyes pleading for him to believe her. "You have to believe me."

Believe her? Shang gave her a cutting glare, his voice low and raspy as he held down his anger. "Why should I?"

Mulan's brows knitted as she found herself suddenly angry at Shang. Khan blocked Shang's horse, keeping him where he was. How dare he blame her for what she did? Why, because she was a woman? Before she had been exposed, he would have never... "Why else would I come back?" she glared, and Shang would deny the fact that he felt slightly hurt by that statement. "You said you'd trust Ping," she looked him straight in the eye for a sincere answer. "Why is Mulan any different."

Because, Shang wanted to yell. *Ping was someone who never lied to me, and understood me, and I cared about him, and you took him from me!*

He knew it wasn't true, he was just denying the facts that there was no difference between Ping and Mulan, they were the same person, regardless of their gender and name. Yet, his heart would not let himself be so easily forgiving about the betrayal which hurt him so deeply. He'd spent many nights in his tents brooding over his feelings for the scrawny soldier he had learned to trust, all those nights only to find out he'd been lied to from the start. On the march to the capital from the mountains, he'd spent his time wondering if any of it had been real. If Ping was real, or just an act that she put up for them, lying to them on a criminal offence.

Women, Shang was taught in childhood, were fragile. They were delicate, emotional, and can be easily hurt. They cannot bear pain and less of all dishonour to their name. These were all things he'd been told, and wasn't his mother an example of that? Years ago when she had been attacked by his father's enemies and almost lost her mind completely, wasn't she a prime example of how weak women were?

So why did Mulan defy all of that, knowing that she would be dishonoured? Why did she resist and train in a camp full of men? Why did she have to endure gruelling training and exhaust herself

almost daily?

And why did he not want to take his eyes off of her?

He forced himself to. In the back of his mind, he heard his father's voice. *You are a captain,* he'd said. *Do not let yourself be distracted.*

So Shang pulled at his horse's reins and side stepped her, looking forwards to the Imperial Palace, filled with lights, the home of the Emperor, Son of the Dragon.

Mulan pushed down the disappointment she felt, turning to Yao, Ling and Chien Po. "Keep your eyes open," she advised, cautious and vigilant. "I know they're here."

A/N: Weeeeellll, it's been a while, everyone! Hope you've all been well, and I sincerely hope you enjoyed this chapter! I could have written all the way to the actual attack, but with all this internal dialogue I gave Shang, I didn't want the chapter to be too long. I know it's been a while since I've updated, but COVID-19 has really got me swamped with schoolwork. I feels like since we're all no longer commuting, the teachers think they can give us more homework and call it less workload. TTˆTT Anyways, did you guys like the bisexual panic going on in Shang's mind? I thought this scene in the movie was too short and it was difficult to tell what was happening in his mind, so I made up something and I really like it. As for the reference to Shang's 'mother', this incident is referenced in the 2K Special Chapter I wrote a long time ago, so if you're confused, read it again.

I should probably leave this here. The restrictions in Australia are almost completely lifted, so we can probably start going out again soon, and I'm looking forward to it, since I like doing my writing outside where I'm inspired. Not looking forward to doing my SACs in school though. Oh well. Remember to stay safe, happy, healthy! See you next time.